



Reminiscences
of
A Cruise in the Mediterranean
and
A Visit to the Holy Land and Egypt
By
Mrs. W. Lennox Mills



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**CANADIANA
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Queen's University at Kingston

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Published at the request of friends



PREFACE.

The account which I give in the following pages, of our 'Cruise in the Arabic,' is an abbreviated synopsis of a very lengthy journal, which I faithfully kept during our wanderings. With the exception of some facts gleaned from guide books, or furnished by our Dragomen, the descriptions of the different places and points of interest visited, are given as the result of my own observations, and of the impressions made on my mind.

Out of consideration for our fellow-travellers, I have mentioned no names, and have omitted many little personal incidents, jotted down in my Diary.

I hope that what I have written may serve to beguile an idle hour for those who have *not* had the privilege of taking this trip; and for those who *have* taken it, that it may in some measure recall to remembrance scenes and places which they have visited,—whether on the shores of the Mediterranean, the Ægean, or the Bosphorous;—by the sinuous banks of the Nile,—or the waters and mountains of that Holy Land, so full of interesting and sacred associations.

K. S. M.

Bishopscourt,

Kingston,

December, 1910.



CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK—MADEIRA.

For a number of years we had been looking forward to a visit to the Holy Land,—in realization of the dream of our lives,—but every year brought with it difficulties, arising largely from pressure of duties; and a consequent disappointment of our hopes. However, in the autumn of 1909 we were able to make arrangements to take the long-looked-for trip, and so, on the 20th of January, 1910, we found ourselves on the S.S. Arabic, sailing away from New York. Although we left the shores of America clad in their wintry mantle of snowy white, and with a temperature to correspond, in about two days we got into warm weather, with balmy breezes, sunny skies, and smooth seas, owing to the vicinity of the Gulf Stream. The life on shipboard, by reason of limitations as to space, and as the result of constantly meeting the same people during the daily promenades on deck, certainly facilitates the making of acquaintances, and consequently it was not very long before we got to know many of our fellow-passengers, whom we found very congenial and agreeable '*compagnons du voyage*.'

After a delightful voyage of eight days, during which no one could find the least excuse for an attack of '*mal de mer*,' we arrived at Funchal, the capital of fair Madeira. It was quite early in the morning when our ship dropped anchor, about half a mile from shore; and while dressing, I looked out of the windows of our cabin, and saw a view beautiful beyond description. Mountains, rising one above another, formed a fine background, and there were three high hills, shaped just like bee-hives, with rounded domes, quite unique in appearance. The colouring of the picture was superb; blue sea, blue sky, with downy white clouds, bright green hills, purple shadows, red and grey rocks, white houses with red roofs, and a picturesque old grey fort, crowning the summit of one of the hills. After dressing, and breakfast, we went on deck, and became aware that the sea had suddenly become alive with a flotilla of row boats, in which were fishermen and small boys, who begged and *demandé*, in loud tones, and with expressive gestures, that the passengers would throw money into the sea,

for which they would dive. It is really wonderful how they manage to find the money, although I believe they get it before it reaches the bottom; they have trained the eye so accurately, and never lose sight of the coins from the moment they are flung into the water.

After some little delay, the official boats came to take us ashore. To step on 'terra firma' once again, after a sea voyage, is always a delight to me (no matter how pleasant the voyage), and on this occasion it was doubly so, as the land was very beautiful. We were immediately taken possession of by a guide, who showed us different places of interest. We first went to see the Governor's residence, an old-fashioned building with spacious rooms. Madeira is under the Crown of Portugal, and in one of the 'salons' was a fine portrait of the late King of Portugal.*

After wandering about the town for a little while (we did not care to do so for long, as the streets are paved with rough cobble stones, and walking is by no means a pleasure), we joined a party of six, and hired a motor for a drive. A motor in Madeira! Think of it! Was it not a wanton desecration on our part, of all romance and sentiment? I am obliged to confess that our desire for speed and our wish for comfort, for once, at least, interfered with our sense of the fitness of things. We had a wonderful two hours' drive, up and down the steepest hills imaginable. Our road, at a great height, at times followed the sea line, reminding us a little of the drive from Sorrento to Amalfi. The vegetation is almost tropical in its luxuriance; there were gigantic scarlet geraniums, gorgeous roses of every colour, trailing vines of honeysuckle and clematis of largest size, houses and trellises nearly smothered under the rich clusters of purple bougainvillias, plantations of sugar cane, orange and banana trees in fruit, date palms, sycamore and malacca trees, laurels and acacias; everywhere a perfect wealth of vegetation. We dashed through some neighbouring villages, and brought the inhabitants rushing to their doors; some in admiration of our rapid flight, and others looking greatly amazed and alarmed. The peasants are decidedly untidy, and not beautiful, though I am told they are very industrious. The costumes are peculiar, and rather picturesque; and the men wear funny knitted caps, cone-like in shape, coming to a point on the top, while the women wear gaily coloured kerchiefs on

*Since writing the above, Portugal has gone through the throes of a revolution; and has cast off monarchical rule, and become a republic.

their heads. In the course of our drive, we passed Reid's Hotel, which looked very inviting, and where, I believe, many English people spend their winters. After our motor ride, we decided to try another mode of locomotion, more in accordance with the customs and traditions of the fair island; and so we took an hour's drive in a kind of basket phaeton, on sledge runners, drawn by a yoke of oxen, and guided by a man and a boy, who at intervals passed an oiled bag under the runners, so as to make them slip along over the stones more easily. If our progress in the motor was fast, this certainly was the very reverse, it being really slower than walking. However, it was a unique experience.

The next day, we took the Funicular Railway up to the top of a mountain, about 6,000 feet above the sea. The climb was steady and steep, and, looking back, the view was very grand and beautiful; deep gorges, patches of which were under cultivation, private residences almost smothered in flowers, clumps of tropical trees and palms; in the distance, the sea, blue as a sapphire, and smooth as a mirror, with our good ship, 'The Arabic,' standing majestically at anchor. Near the summit of the mountain is a very large and fine building, used as a Sanitarium for Consumptives. It stands in a small grove of Norway pines. The situation is ideal, and one could not imagine an environment more conducive to health and happiness; as the eyes are feasted on a picture of marvellous beauty, and the air is perfumed with the breath of a thousand flowers, and the fragrance of the life-giving pines.

On arriving at the top of the mountain, we left the railway, and then came a most exciting experience, in descending from the lofty height. We got into a sort of basket carriage on runners, guided by two men holding ropes, and rushed down, with incredible swiftness, over the hard stones. Our guides were wonderfully fleet of foot, and sometimes they ran beside or behind the sledge, holding the ropes, and sometimes they stood on the back runners. It was marvellous how they did it, the road being of cobble stones, and hard as iron. The distance was about two miles, and although we enjoyed the novelty of the sensation, and the excitement of our flight, yet I, for one, would not care to do it very often. It was, to my mind, a hundred-fold more dangerous than our tobogganing at home, in Canada, down snow slides, for there, even if the toboggan leaves the path, there is still a chance of safety if one is dumped in the soft snow; but here, if one of the guides should stumble, or the ropes break, it would seem quite impossible to escape

without a very nasty contact with the hard and unyielding stones. These guides are wonderfully sure-footed, and we felt they had well earned our big tip. After our descent to lower latitudes once more, we took a stroll among the shops; they are very numerous and attractive, and display fine specimens of the skill of the native women in the way of dainty lace and embroideries, and beautiful drawn linen work.

CHAPTER II.

SPAIN AND GIBRALTAR.

Leaving Funchal, on Saturday afternoon, we sailed for Spain, and arrived at the Port of Cadiz (said to be the Tarshish of the Bible), early on Monday morning. No lofty background of hills, like there was at Madeira, met our view, but a long stretch of flat shore; and the city rising up out of the sea, with its domes, and towers, and picturesque white buildings, in Oriental architecture, looked like a 'Dream City,' so beautiful was it.

Our party landed in steam tugs, and went for a drive through the town, along the Alameda, and past the Governor's residence, a large and handsome building. We visited some of the principal points of interest, and at the Cappucini Chapel saw a magnificent altar piece, the last work of Murillo. The central figures were the Virgin Mother, and Holy Child, with cherubs hovering above, and worshippers kneeling in devout adoration. We also went to the Academy of Fine Arts, in the Piazza da Minas. This gallery is very poor, both in paintings and sculpture, compared to the galleries in Dresden, Berlin, Rome, Florence, Paris, and London. The public buildings and the churches are fine, and the cathedral is very large and handsome, with rich decorations, and wonderful jewels, in the Treasury. Many of the streets are so narrow that it is only possible for vehicles to pass along in one direction at a time, consequently at the opening of these streets, on the house walls, is a placard, 'Entrada des carioses,' with arrow head pointing the way of entrance. The houses are nearly all white cement, or adobe, having heavy iron bars or railings in front of each window. The entrance to the best houses is through large gates, opening on a court-yard, decorated with handsome plants. There are one or two fine old forts in Cadiz, and substantial barracks, and many soldiers; also a large circus, capable of seating 11,000 people, where bull fights are held.

We made a very early start one morning, leaving Cadiz, by special train, for Seville, and passed through some interesting towns and villages. Shortly after leaving Cadiz, we saw some gleaming white pyramids, which we thought were chalk, but we

were told they were salt. Close by are several small canals, which look as though they were for irrigation purposes, but the water is salt, and these pools are really made to *corner* the salt. This is quite an important industry here, I believe, in addition to the wine-making. We passed some very fine vineyards, amongst them being that of Jerez, famous for its sherry. The country is well cultivated, and instead of fences to divide the fields, there are barriers of enormous century plants, aloes, and prickly pears. There were many olive orchards, orange groves, and apricot and almond trees, their branches laden with exquisite pink and white blossoms. We had our luncheon on the train, and arrived at Seville about half-past one. Carriages met us at the station, and we drove through the city. It is a very large and beautiful place, with fine shops, private residences, public buildings, and gardens. We first visited the Charity Hospital, where in the "Caridad Chapel" are very fine paintings by Murillo. The cathedral is a magnificent building, the second largest in the world (St. Peter's, in Rome, coming first), and the gigantic columns are overpowering in size, with exquisite carvings on some of them, and on parts of the groined roof, of wonderful beauty. There are many chapels in this huge edifice, each one large enough for an ordinary church: that of Ferdinand and Isabella is remarkably beautiful. In a circular chapel is a masterpiece of Murillo's,—of world-wide fame,—representing the Madonna, surrounded by cherubs. The picture is very large, and exquisite in colouring. In the marble floor of the Cathedral, we saw the slab which is supposed to cover the resting place of Christopher Columbus.

After leaving the Cathedral, we drove to the Alcazar, a Moorish Palace, in the style of the Alhambra. The architecture is very fine, with delicate carvings, and mouldings, and ceilings richly decorated and gilded. The walls are of mosaic, and the floors of stone: the windows have the triple circular Moorish arches. The cloisters open out on a large court, with velvet lawns, palms, flowers and fountains. The upper part of the Palace looks more modern, and every winter King Alfonso is in residence for a month. We saw any number of Spanish soldiers marching through the streets, with bands playing and flags flying. They were preparing to welcome the King and Queen of Spain, who were expected a day or two later. They are not by any means a smart looking lot of men, and do not at all approach either the English or Prussian soldiers in appearance. The Spanish women are mostly tall and handsome, and wear picturesque lace scarfs ('Mantillas')

on their heads, instead of hats. We saw some Spanish men wearing long black cloaks, and slouchy felt hats drawn down over their eyes, and they were rather suggestive of bandits, or conspirators. Some of the station officials wear a special costume (quite fancy), with velvet knickerbockers, long coloured stockings, bolero jackets, and conical red caps.

We put up at the "Hotel da Inglaterra," quite modern and up to date, and very comfortable. Returning by train from Seville, we passed some interesting Spanish towns, and on our arrival at Cadiz went once more on board 'The Arabic,' which had been awaiting us there.

With many farewell glances at the 'Dream City,' we sailed for Gibraltar, and arrived there, after a short voyage, although the sea was quite rough, owing to a sudden squall which came up. 'The Rock' looked as grim and threatening as ever, but quite familiar, as we visited Gibraltar less than two years ago. We went ashore in a tender, and drove up and down the steep hills, and visited different places of interest, amongst them being the English Cathedral, Europa Point, and the Gardens, which are always attractive. We saw British soldiers, and men of many nations,—Moors from Tangiers, with their loose draperies, bare legs, and turbans, Spaniards, Jews, and yellow-slipped swarthy Arabs. I went into several shops, and found them very tempting with their fine display of hammered silver and brass, Spanish laces, and dainty embroideries. In the little Trafalgar cemetery are the graves of many of the British heroes, who, with Nelson, gave their lives to gain the great battle in Trafalgar Bay.

CHAPTER III.

ALGIERS AND MALTA

Leaving Gibraltar on Thursday, we arrived at Algiers early on Saturday morning. The harbour is very fine, and there are at anchor ships, large and small, from many quarters of the globe. Looking at it from the sea, the city presents a striking appearance, with its many spires and domes of churches, and mosques, its handsome residences of white, or yellow, with brilliant red roofs; the high hills in the background, and in the distance the gleaming peaks of the Atlas mountains. On arriving at the quay, we found carriages awaiting us, and had a delightful drive of three hours, all over the place, including a visit to the Horticultural Gardens, where there are gigantic india-rubber trees, palms, cocoanut and banana trees, and other tropical plants. There are wonderful vistas in these grounds, where the golden sunlight filters through the foliage, and falls with subdued radiance on the mossy footpath, and there are winding and narrow paths, which lead through a tangled tropical growth, as wild and impenetrable as an African jungle.

We went into the Roman Cathedral, which is a fine building, rather in the Moorish style; and we drove through the fashionable residential part of the town, where the private houses, looked most attractive; a great many English people winter here, on account of the fine climate. A magnificent view is obtained from the gardens of the Mustapha's palace, on the top of a high hill.

France is the ruling power here, and many tri-colour flags were floating on the breeze. A very interesting part of our drive was through the old part of Algiers, and the Arab quarter, where the streets are narrow and steep, with long flights of stone steps, leading up and down to squalid quarters. There were swarms of men, some of them quite fine looking, others very repulsive in appearance, wearing loose flowing robes and turbans, standing in the streets, or sitting cross-legged on the floors of their houses,—which have no front walls,—playing cards, and smoking their narghilies. The women we saw were heavily veiled, nothing but their eyes being visible; they were mostly robed in white, and as they glided silently along they

looked quite ghost-like. In the market-place was a motley crowd, and all sorts and conditions of men, of varied nationalities.

There are some fine hotels along the sea front, and in the upper town, with English names; such as 'The Alexandra,' 'The Royal,' etc. The city is quite up to date, with tram cars, electric lights, and handsome and attractive shops.

We sailed away from Algiers on Saturday evening, and although the sunset was glorious, the weather changed during the night, and we had rather a rough time; but on Sunday the sea was smoother, and we had a delightful service as usual, with a very large congregation; the Bishop preached, and a Canadian clergyman, now in the United States, read the service. Every Sunday during the voyage we had our own church service, and sometimes sermons from ministers of other churches, who were fellow-passengers. These services were always very well attended, and seemed to be greatly appreciated. I may here mention that the managers of 'The Cruise' did everything they could to make the voyage a pleasant and profitable one for the passengers. Nearly every evening a most interesting and entertaining programme was arranged, and we had vocal and instrumental music, amusing recitations, or instructive lectures about the countries we were shortly to visit, often illustrated with lime-light views. Then there were several dances, including one when fancy dress was worn (some of the costumes were quite artistic and handsome, while others were original and unique); the decks were enclosed with canvas, covered with flags of all nations, and special electric lights were arranged, softened by fantastic or artistic shades of many colours. There was a fine band on board, and the tempting strains of the music were responded to by nearly all the younger members of the party.

On Sunday afternoon we passed along the coast of Northern Africa, and the site of ancient Carthage was pointed out to us; we also saw the coast of Sardinia. On Monday morning about six o'clock we heard the ship's whistle blowing; it was the pre-arranged signal by which we were informed that we were passing St. Paul's Bay, the scene of the Apostle's shipwreck. We at once jumped up and ran to our windows, and had a fine view of the place; it is a very rocky spot, and we saw the inlet where the two seas met. It was intensely interesting, and we could not but recall the graphic description in 'The Acts.' At about eight o'clock we anchored off Malta, 'England's Eye' in the Mediterranean, and quite as formidable as Gibraltar; the

fortifications are said to be impregnable, and the harbour of Valetta is very fine, shaped like a semi-circle. In appearance the island is quite different from anything we have seen so far. It is grey, and grim looking, with very few trees about it, the houses rising behind each other in a solid mass.

After breakfast, we descended the stairs at the ship's side,—an exercise in which we became quite expert, owing to frequent practice,—and embarked in small row boats for the shore. The distance was short, and the water smooth, as we were inside the breakwater. On landing, we got into carriages, and went for a nice long drive. The streets are very steep, and many of the hills are provided with stone steps for those who prefer ascending, or descending, in this way. We visited the Governor's residence, the Mosque, and several fine churches, the chief in interest being that of the Knights of Malta, where the flooring is made up of memorial tablets,—partly coloured,—in stone and mosaic, bearing the names and records of these 'knights of old.' The ceiling is handsomely decorated with frescoes, and behind the high altar is a fine group of statuary, (the figures more than life size), representing the Baptism of Christ. A very ghastly church is the 'Chapel of the Bones,' which is decorated with hundreds of skulls and crossbones, and is most gruesome. We drove to some beautiful Public Gardens, at each end of the town, and saw for the first time grape fruit, enormous specimens, growing on trees in size and appearance like orange trees. The scarlet poinsettias were very brilliant, and we saw some varieties of trees and plants which we had not seen before. There seems to be quite an Italian element in Malta, judging by the names of the streets, and the shop signs; we went into several of the shops, and I bought some lace and other souvenirs. The day we were in Malta happened to be Shrove Tuesday, and, as there was a carnival in progress, we saw many funny costumes, and crowds of good-natured people, evidently enjoying the holiday. I fancy that Malta must be a pleasant place to live in, as there is a large military society, and the climate seems nice.

CHAPTER IV.

CLASSIC GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN

We sailed away from Malta about five o'clock in the afternoon, and early the next morning arrived at 'The Piræus,' the Port of Athens, where we anchored outside of the breakwater. After breakfast, we embarked in small boats, which were towed along by a tug, for a distance of two miles to the landing stage. On reaching there we took the electric railway for the classic city of Athens. Carriages met us on our arrival, and we had a most delightful drive, and visited many points of interest. The first place that we went to was The Acropolis (which means the highest point), formerly the seat of the Athenian kings, and it was fortified more than 1000 years before Christ, and during many centuries remained the Citadel and Sanctuary. On the very summit of the Acropolis stands the Parthenon, which, it has been said, was the most beautiful and perfect building ever erected, being composed of pure white marble, and having wonderful sculptures, with colour skilfully used, to enhance the beauty of form. A long frieze, exquisitely carved, ran all round the building; parts of it still may be seen. The Doric columns are majestic; and within the sanctuary was the great figure, 39 feet high, of 'Athena Parthenos,' the virgin, with the flesh parts of ivory, and clad in golden draperies. The work was done under the direction of Pericles, and Phidias, the great Greek sculptors. In the fifth century the Parthenon was made a Christian church; but when the Turkish power became dominant, it was transformed into a Mosque, and a minaret was erected in one corner. The Temple of Ceres, where the Eleusinian Mysteries were held, two miles distant, had an underground passage to the Parthenon, and there were imposing gates through which the triumphal procession passed; traces of the chariot wheels are still seen in the rock. The beautiful little temple of 'Athena Nike,' or Victory, is quite close, and is built of Pentelic marble, having a portico, with fine Ionic columns, and a sculptured frieze, representing battles between the Greeks and the Persians.

A glorious view may be had from here of the Bay of Phaleron, the Strait of Salamis,—where a great battle was fought,—

the marble quarries on the green slopes of Pentelicon, the Mountain of Hymettus, famous for its bees and honey, the great heights of Lycabettus, crowned by the Church and Convent of St. George, the Hill of the Muses, the Hill of the Pnyx, where was the place of Assembly of the Athenians, and where in ancient times the voices of the Greek orators poured out streams of eloquence.

On one side of the Parthenon is the beautiful Erechtheum, built in the time of Pericles, with its famous Porch of the Maidens, representing the 'Caryatides,' six beautiful virgins, who carried on their heads baskets of fruits and flowers as an offering to the gods, at the time of the great processions and festivals.

A thrilling moment was experienced when we climbed, by very steep and natural steps in the solid rock, to the top of the Areopagus, and 'stood on Mars' Hill,' where the great Apostle St. Paul also stood in 54 A.D., and preached to the 'Men of Athens,' declaring unto them the 'unknown God.' It was not difficult to picture the scene. 'The solitary figure of the devoted Apostle, though his 'bodily presence was weak,' standing on this eminence, and facing the crowds of self-satisfied and cultured Athenians, and philosophers; and filled with Divine fervour and courage, pouring out from inspired lips, in words so full of dignity, and with soul-stirring earnestness, the wonderful Gospel message.

We visited the Theatre of Bacchus, where many of the fine carved figures still remain; we sat in some of the stone seats, so many centuries old. The Theatre of Dionysius is also very interesting; here in the golden days of Greece, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes delighted the great audiences with their eloquence. The Odeon Herodes Attikus is a fine ruin; it had seating capacity for six thousand people, and some of the marble seats still remain. The Temple of Theseus is in good preservation and the Temple of Jupiter is grand. It was begun by Pisistratus, 530 B.C., and completed by the Emperor Hadrian 130 A.D. The work of building had been stopped by the Persian wars.

Some of the magnificent Corinthian columns are still to be seen. The Prison of Socrates, in the solid rock, with heavy iron bars across the opening, was pointed out to us, also the place where Diogenes was supposed to make his headquarters in a tub, and go about through Athens with his lantern, looking for an honest man! The Pan-Athenaic Stadion is beyond words magnificent. It was originally built by Lycurgus in the

year 330 B.C. for the Olympic games, but gradually fell into ruin, and when the Turks came into power it was utterly destroyed. In 1895, however, a rich Greek from Egypt, anxious to keep for his country one of its finest and most interesting landmarks, had it reconstructed in its original style, in pure white marble, with tier after tier of seats rising behind each other, and capable of accommodating 45,000 spectators. It is now used for special occasions, and the Marathon games finish there.

We drove to the ancient cemetery, situated outside the town, filled with tombs of men mighty in war, and in wisdom, amongst them being that of Dionysius, surmounted by a large marble bull. We saw the monument of Lysistrates, and the Tower of the Winds, also the site of the Agora, or ancient market-place, of which some of the fine Doric columns still stand. Driving along a magnificent avenue, bordered by red pepper trees, we passed some princely private residences, also the King's Palace, the University, the Library, and the Academy of Science. The latter is a very beautiful building, entirely of Pentelic marble, quarried from the hills a short distance away. It is in the ancient Ionic style, and on the walls of Pompeian red are frescoes, representing mythical scenes. In the front grounds rise two tall graceful columns, surmounted by beautiful statues, one of Minerva (or Athena), and the other of Apollo. At the entrance gates are two seated figures of Plato and Socrates. The National Museum is a fine modern building (1866), containing vast treasures in marbles, pottery, gold, Egyptian mummies, and death masks; also wonderful pieces of sculpture; statues of Hermes, Apollo, Venus, Hercules, Minerva, Æsculapius, Pluto, etc. There were some elaborately carved sarcophagi, of kings, princes, warriors, and other great men. The Roman and Alexandrian Rooms show some fine marble busts, amongst them a very beautiful one, with noble head and perfect face, said to be a likeness of our Saviour. We also saw a bust of Demosthenes, who is represented with curly hair, short beard, and moustache shading a small mouth,—rather unusual for an orator.

In the fine public gardens of the 'Zappeion' is a remarkably beautiful statue in white marble, of Lord Byron, who was greatly beloved of the Greeks, as he gave his life in fighting for them at the Siege of Missolonghi, 1824. We saw some men dressed in very picturesque fashion, blue coats braided elaborately, full short skirts something like a kilt, long white stockings, and pointed shoes with enormous coloured rosettes

just over the toes. We were told that they are soldiers of the King's Guard, and come from the mountains, and wear the ancient military costume of that region. I think they are Albanians.

The classic and historic associations of Athens make it, to my mind, one of the most fascinating places in the world, and we left it reluctantly after a delightful visit. We stayed at the Hotel d'Angleterre, quite up to date, and most comfortable.

CHAPTER V

THE DARDANELLES, HELLESPONT AND GOLDEN HORN

We once more boarded 'The Arabic,' which had been awaiting us at The Piræus, early in the afternoon, sailing through the Archipelago, and over the blue Aegean, and had glimpses of some of the beautiful 'Isles of Greece,' 'where burning Sappho loved, and sung,' and passed the Hellespont, where Leander swam across the tossing waves to Hero's Tower, to see his lady love, a Priestess of Venus. It was quite interesting also, in passing through the Straits of The Dardanelles, to remember that it was over these waters Jason and his Argonauts sailed in their search for the Golden Fleece.

Early the next morning, on looking out of our windows, we found that we were passing land again. We were sailing over the Sea of Marmora: the coast is rather mountainous, but on some of the hillsides are groups of well-built houses. The same afternoon we came in sight of Constantinople, the 'Queen of the East,' on the Bosphorus, at its junction with the Golden Horn. Seen from the ship, the great City of Constantine is bewilderingly beautiful, with its white palaces, many domes, and graceful minarets. As we steamed slowly along, we saw Scutari, on the Asiatic side, with its English cemetery, and its memories of the Crimean war. Across the bay is the old City of Stamboul; also Pera, the best residential part, and Galata. We passed Seraglio Point, and one of the Sultan's Palaces almost at the edge of the sea: while high on the hills stands the Yildiz Kiosk, the favourite residence of the present Sultan. One's eyes rested at last on the Golden Horn, famed for its beauty. It is a magnificent entrance to the city; and boats and large ships from apparently all over the world were anchored in the harbour.

The landing was at Galata Pier, where we found carriages awaiting us, and we drove through a wretched part of the town, and across the bridge, where an endless procession seemed to be passing along. I never in my life saw such a motley crowd. Nubians, black as night, with tattooed faces; dusky Arabs, with burnoose and turban; Jews, with their long beards, and wearing gaberdines; insignificant-looking Turks, with loose trousers, and red fez caps; Greeks, in varied costume, and an occasional figure, which might be English, all swarming over the bridge, and winding in and out between the carriages; donkeys with

heavily laden panniers, horses bearing packs of merchandise, and men, bending beneath heavy burdens, many of them carrying on their backs large boxes of fruit and vegetables, and actually eight or ten trunks (presumably empty), supported and kept in place by a sort of framework fitted to their shoulders. Passing along through squalid streets, we reached the Karakeni bridge and crossed it to Stamboul. We saw the Seraglio, where the women's quarters formerly were; and, by special permit, visited the Treasury, where there are some of the most magnificent jewels in the world, and of fabulous value. The Throne of one of the Sultans, enclosed in a glass case, is made partly of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with diamonds and rubies; suspended over it is an enormous emerald, larger than the palm of one's hand. Then there is the throne of another Sultan, which was captured from one of the Shahs of Persia 400 years ago, of beaten gold, inlaid with pearls, emeralds and rubies; it is of exquisite workmanship. In a succession of glass cases we saw life size figures of past Sultans, in the costumes they wore, richly ornamented with jewels; each one had a massive white turban, with upstanding aigrette, decorated with clasps and brooches of the largest and most brilliant rubies, diamonds, and emeralds. We also saw strings and ropes of pearls, bowls of rubies, circlets of the most dazzling diamonds, and coffee cups of silver, encrusted with diamonds and emeralds; it was a scene of barbaric splendour, and reminded one of the stories in the 'Arabian Nights.'

We found the Museum very interesting, containing curios of various kinds, magnificent sculptures, and elaborate marble sarcophagi. Amongst the finest, was the one reputed to be the Tomb of Alexander the Great and his family. The carvings are exquisite, and represent a battle. Alexander is depicted on a fine horse, and in close contest with Darius the Persian; there are many other warriors, and the faces are wonderful, chiselled out of the finest white marble, which is delicately tinted in some places, as the Greeks were wont to use colour, in some instances, to give greater appearance of reality to many of their finest sculptures. We visited the Library, and saw the Throne Room, and the Throne itself, which is like a large draped platform, with many gorgeous rugs, and cushions, on which the Sultan reclines. Outside is the Court of the Ambassadors, and through a window they can see, and be seen, by the Sultan.

We next visited the Mosque of St. Sophia, and before entering had to put large felt slippers over our boots, as the

Mohammedans consider the floors of their mosques holy ground. In common with all other mosques, its characteristic feature is a large open court, with a fountain in the centre, for the ablutions of the worshippers. There are sometimes two or three fountains in a mosque. The decorations are very rich, with oriental colouring, and much gilding. Instead of an altar, there is the Holy Niche, with a small painting (representing a censer, I think), in the middle. At each side is a lamp, quite large, and like the old-fashioned street lamps, and a little in front are two enormous wax candles, about ten or twelve feet high, and perhaps ten inches in diameter, which are lighted on special occasions. The location of the Holy Niche indicates the direction of Mecca, towards which all Moslems turn their faces when praying. This alcove is on a raised platform, on one side of which, and reached by a steep flight of steps, is a narrow pulpit. On the other side of the platform is the Sultan's Pew, which is very gorgeously decorated, and above it is a huge gold star with many rays,—the Star of Mahomet. There are magnificent porphyry pillars brought from the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbek; and grey stone pillars brought from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. We saw some devout Musselmen kneeling in prayer, and prostrating themselves to the earth. On a raised off platform, squatting on the floor, were some Turkish boys, with books before them, moving their lips; we were told they were learning the Khoran by heart.

This mosque was originally a Christian Church, and St. Chrysostom preached here; and over one of the entrances, high up on the wall, may be seen an open Book in brass, and the words, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Strange that these words should survive, and should have escaped the eyes of the Turkish officials when they took possession and sought to blot out all evidences of the Christian religion. There seem very few trees in or about the city, and, except in Pera, no flower gardens; although there were quantities of lovely flowers for sale on the streets. Passing through the town, we saw many Armenian priests, with beards, and dark inscrutable faces, wearing long black robes, and tall square hats. We also saw Moslem priests wearing long woollen coats (brown seemed the favourite colour), and white turbans. Some had a strip of green round the turban, which indicated that the wearer had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. We went through the Grand Bazaars, which are enormous in extent, consisting of 1,200 narrow streets, overarched by numerous cupolas, with 4,000 little shops; the sun never penetrates here, consequently the air

was chill and deadly. The dim hazy light, the veiled women, the motley crowd of men, the variety of Oriental wares, all made a novel and interesting sight.

Now a word about the 'Dogs of Constantinople.' These fearsome city scavengers prowl around the city after sunset, eagerly eagerly devouring the refuse, which is all thrown into the streets; and in the day time, being fully sated, they give themselves up to sleep, and their unwholesome-looking bodies are seen lying in the middle of the streets, or sometimes in bunches of two and three, on the narrow footpath, where pedestrians never think of disturbing them, but walk around them. Oh, the sights, and the sounds, and the smells of Constantinople! No perfumes of Araby there!

Since our visit, in fact quite recently, I believe, these dogs have all been taken out of the city, by order of the 'Young Turks,' and placed upon an island, so it is possible that the sanitary conditions of Constantinople, as well as its appearance, may be improved in consequence of this action.

We steamed from the Golden Horn up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, whose waters justify the name, being dark and stormy looking. Along the shores of the Bosphorus are many fine residences, and Government buildings, and there were one or two erections which seemed altogether out of keeping with the character of the prevailing Oriental architecture, and with their huge circular towers, and castellated battlements, looked more like the Donjon Towers and Keeps that one sees in England. These round towers were part of an ancient fortress, known as the Citadel of Europe, and 400 years ago the Sultans were enabled, from this secure and lofty stronghold, to levy toll on all ships passing along.

Several palaces of the Sultan are also built along the shores. The present Sultan of Turkey has, by no means, autocratic powers, but is to a certain extent advised by the government. The deposed Sultan is a prisoner, near Salonika. There is in Turkey to-day a decided movement, headed by the Young Turks, for progress, emancipation, enlightenment, and liberty. This has been brought about largely through the 'Roberts College,' Constantinople, founded by an American, and supported by generous contributions from his fellow-countrymen. Young men of all nationalities are admitted to this college, and it has done a transforming work for the youth of the Ottoman Empire, Greeks, Turks, and Bulgarians. About three-quarters of the men occupying leading positions in the empire to-day are graduates of that college.

CHAPTER VI.

SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS.

With many farewell glances at the Golden Horn, and the beautiful City of Constantine, we steamed down the Sea of Marmora again, and through the *Pardanelles*, on our way to Smyrna, the chief city of Asia Minor, which we reached in due time. It presents a fine appearance from the ship, with its imposing residences, tiled roofs and painted balconies, and the spires of churches, and minarets of mosques, standing out against a background of mountains. Smyrna is one of the oldest cities in the Orient, and here, it is said, Homer was born, and Croesus, King of Lydia, had his home. It is interesting to remember that Christianity took an early and deep root here, and that one of the Seven Churches of Asia was at Smyrna. (Rev., chaps. 2 and 3). On the top of a high hill are the ruins of the Stadium, where Polycarp, the second Bishop of Smyrna (and a disciple of St. John), is said to have suffered martyrdom, about 155 A.D. His reputed tomb, quite near by, is shown. On one of the mountains near the city, Richard Coeur de Lion lived for a year, during the Crusades. The American Mission, with Colleges for Boys and Girls, is doing a successful work in Smyrna. There are bazaars here (though not nearly so large as those at Constantinople), where a great variety of Oriental goods may be bought. Shortly after landing at Smyrna we took the train for Ephesus, a distance of fifty miles. The way lies along a pleasant valley where, in the fields, we saw many flocks of sheep, some of them literally "in green pastures, beside still waters," with shepherds garbed as they were 2000 years ago. Here also, as in almost every place in the East, there were innumerable herds of goats, seeming to thrive on the very poorest and most barren and rocky pasturage. The novelty and picturesqueness of an Oriental landscape greatly attracted us. We passed groves of dark cypress trees, fields of grain, with peasants in scanty costumes, and swarthy eastern faces, working in a way peculiarly their own. We saw caravans of camels, heavily laden, moving majestically along on the highway; and trains of patient and weary-looking donkeys, creeping along with their burdens. Encircling the plains were high mountains, many of them with snow-covered sides, or summits.

Ephesus, in bygone times, was one of the greatest and finest of ancient cities, and received Christianity very gladly, and at an early date. It was favoured with the ministry of St. John, who gave a Divine message to the 'Angel of the Church that is at Ephesus.' St. Paul also ministered here, writing an epistle to the 'Saints that are at Ephesus.' On arriving at Ayasuluk, (the station for Ephesus), we went to the Inn, and left our wraps, as the sky was blue, and the day was warm, and walked to the ruins of the original church to which St. John wrote, which are situated on quite a high hill. One could not but recall the Divine message which he conveyed to that Church, of commendation for its patience, of reproof for its falling away, and of warning that its candlestick would be removed unless it repented. The results tell of its sad failure, and we know that its candlestick *was* removed.

Close by we saw the ruins of the great Temple of Diana; nothing now remains of all its glory and grandeur but a few broken columns and scattered blocks of marble. As we wished to see the fine and well-preserved ruins of the Agora, the Theatre, and the Library, which are nearly four miles distant, we had to ride, there being no carriage roads. The Bishop was given a white horse, which proved to be quite a terror, and seemed determined not to be ridden: he not only to get rid of his burden, but to trample down several members of our party during the struggle. In the end, however, he had to yield to the will of his rider, who, though he had not ridden for a number of years, seemed to be quite at home in the saddle. The few horses that were available having (with one or two exceptions) been given to the men, the ladies had to be satisfied with donkeys. The way was literally 'up hill, and down dale,' through bogs, and over rocks and stones. I led the van of the procession, not through any wish to make myself unduly prominent, but simply at the sweet will of my 'mount,' for as I was about the only one who had not a 'Donkey Boy,' my donkey seemed to take complete command of the situation, and I had no alternative but to let him have his own way, as after a few attempts to guide him in the way he should go, I found it quite impossible to pit my will against his. Fortunately, I was not the least bit nervous, and sometimes we would go down an almost perpendicular hill, when my steed seemed as if he were going to turn a somersault; and at other times we would push our way through brier and thorn, or sink for several inches in muddy fields. Again we would dash madly along on the very edge of a precipice, or scramble over rocks, well worn

and slippery. We finally got to the ruins, passing 'en route' a large circular basin of stone, which it is said St. John used for baptisms. The remains of the Agora, the Odeon, and the Theatre are magnificent; some of the stones and pedestals of columns still bear the inscription in Latin and Greek, 'To the great Goddess Diana.' The excavations are still going on, and new treasures are being constantly unearthed. We saw some fine carvings of figures, and also some beautiful pillars. Standing on the proscenium of the Theatre, one could easily picture the thrilling scene so dramatically described in the 19th chapter of the 'Acts,' when Demetrius, the silversmith, who made little silver shrines for Diana, and feared the loss of his gains through the preaching of St. Paul, made a great uproar, and the crowd shouted out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'

Shortly after we had started on our return ride, and were well out in the open, with no shelter of any description at hand, a very heavy rain came on. Fortunately, I had on my gossamer waterproof coat, and my soft felt 'deck' hat, but I had no umbrella. The water came down in perfect torrents, reducing my hat to a pulp, and soaking through my so-called 'waterproof.' The Bishop had no overcoat, but a gentleman kindly lent him an umbrella, which protected his shoulders. There was a wild gallop back to the Inn, and after a very primitive, and quite uneatable luncheon, consisting of dishes we had never before tasted, we took the train back to Smyrna, and then embarked in small boats, which carried us out to our good ship, anchored about a mile from shore. I am thankful to say we were none the worse for our drenching.

We sailed away for Beyrout on Monday evening, and through the night passed the Isle of Patmos, where St. John had his wonderful vision. On Tuesday the sea was rather rough, and we had a big thunderstorm. On Wednesday morning we passed the Island of Rhodes, once famous for its Colossus, and, a little later, the Island of Cyprus, and at four o'clock in the afternoon dropped anchor off Beyrout. It is an important and commercial town, with beautiful villas, and lovely sub-tropical gardens, and in the background are lofty mountains; the heights of Lebanon being covered with snow. There are no ruins, and nothing of special interest to be seen, excepting the schools and colleges of the American Mission (Presbyterian), and the British Syrian Mission schools, including classes for the blind. Nearly a quarter of the population consists of Moslems, but they have been greatly influenced by the educational surroundings.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON, BAALBEK. AND DAMASCUS.

At Beyrout, we were joined by our Dragoman, a Syrian, rather small and slight, dressed in a picturesque costume. He had a very bright and intelligent face, and had been educated (as a house pupil) in the Quaker schools near Beyrout, and consequently, though nominally a Roman Catholic, he was broad minded, and carried about with him an English Bible, with which he seemed very familiar, as during the time he was with us he constantly quoted from it. He spoke English well, and was a most satisfactory guide.

At an early hour, the morning after anchoring in the harbour, we were rowed ashore in small boats by sturdy boatmen, their costumes rendered brilliant by scarlet caps, and sashes, and took the train at Beyrout, over the Mountains of Lebanon. As we ascended, the view increased in beauty every moment; about us were lofty peaks covered with snow; below us, valleys, green and fertile; and in the distance the sea, calm as a mirror, encircled by red sand hills. The landscape was essentially Oriental—flat-roofed houses, terraced vineyards, waving palms, goat herds with their flocks, peasants in all styles of eastern apparel. On many of the mountains towns were built on the sides, or summits. As we climbed higher, and still higher, on looking back we saw deep gorges, and ravines with rushing mountain torrents, while far below, nestling in secluded and almost hidden nooks, were quiet little villages. Our road wound round and round, curving like a huge serpent. As we neared the top of our mountain, there were no trees, nor in fact was there vegetation of any kind: but great stones and rocks. The highest point we saw was Mount Hermon, a veritable snow mountain, gleaming and sparkling in the sunlight; the air was very cold and bracing, and to us Canadians seemed quite homelike. We had luncheon in a poor little wayside inn at Ryack, a distinctively Syrian village: the "m^{én}u" was not tempting. For the most part, the places we passed were of no importance, but there were some fine houses, and a Casino (where, during the season, gambling is carried on extensively) at 'Ain-

so far,' the Monte Carlo of this part of the world. The 'Celo-Syrian' plain, lying between the ranges of Lebanon and 'Anti-Lebanon,' is a beautiful and fertile green valley. We saw several circular plots of earth, ringed round with stones, and on enquiry were told they were threshing floors. After a most glorious and interesting journey over the mountains, we reached Baalbek, about two o'clock, and drove through almost deserted streets, with a few poor straggling houses, to the ruins of the great Temple of Baal, said to have been begun by Solomon to please some of his wives and courtiers, when he fell away and became unfaithful. These ruins are magnificent; with the exception of those at Karnak, they are said to be the grandest in the world. Here the Priests of Baal, the Sun god, offered sacrifices, and we saw the place where the altar stood, and the ruts in the stone floor, where the blood of the victims flowed away. There are also huge oblong basins (with low walls, on which are exquisite carvings) in which there was formerly water for the ablutions. It is quite impossible to attempt to describe the grandeur of these ruins. The Temple of Jupiter Tonens, and the Temple of Bacchus, are very majestic, with wonderfully carved ceilings; and the pediments and capitals of the gigantic columns exquisitely carved out of the hardest marble. It is interesting to know that at one time (under Theodosius, I think), a Christian church occupied part of this building, that had been used for the worship of false gods.

Baalbek is a very ancient city, the names of Cain, Nimrod, and Abraham being associated with it, as well as the name of Solomon. Baalbek is almost completely encircled, at a little distance, by snow-covered mountains, and just as we were leaving we saw them flushed with the rosy light of sunset. We went by train to Damascus, where we arrived about ten o'clock; and were very glad to retire for the night, after our extremely strenuous day. We found the Hotel Victoria quite clean and comfortable. Damascus is the largest city in Syria, and is surrounded by gardens and groves; it is one of the very oldest cities in the world, the date of its foundation is lost in the mists of the ages. Eleazer, Abraham's steward, was a native of this place, and it has been said that there is no other city where customs have changed so little during thousands of years. We started out early in the morning, with our bright and most intelligent Dragoman, for a long drive. We crossed the River Abana, remembered in connection with Naaman the Syrian, who, when told he would be cured of his leprosy by washing in the Jordan, asked if Abana and Pharpar (which we also saw),

rivers of Damascus, were not superior to the Jordan. The ruins of his house have been lately acquired by the Turkish Government, and now form part of a mosque. We visited the comparatively new and magnificent mosque of Amayyade, built on the site of the Church of St. John the Baptist. In the centre of this mosque is a large glass enclosure with green dome, under which is a sarcophagus draped in green velvet, heavily embroidered, and within this shrine is said to be the head of St. John the Baptist, whom the Mahometans reverence.

In a small building near by, we saw the tomb of the great Saladin, who was the fierce antagonist of the Crusaders in their struggles against the Mahometans for the uplifting of the Cross over the Crescent. Resting on the top of the sarcophagus is the turban, which he is said to have worn, of green velvet, draped with green silk; this solid green in the head covering, or robes, indicates that the wearer is descended from Mahomet. After that, we went through the Bazaars, which are like those at Constantinople, but smaller and poorer. The booths line each side of the narrow lanes, and are open to the passers by, so that one can see tailors, bootmakers, brass heaters, etc., at work, or, in many cases, one sees men doing no work at all, but lounging on the floors, smoking their narghilies, and chatting to friends, in a 'dolce far niente.' Narrow as the passages are, they were crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, and even horses, donkeys, and camels, so that walking was neither an easy or pleasant matter.

Later on, we visited a factory outside the gates, where we saw all kinds of brass and silver vases, bowls, candlesticks, and exquisite wooden mosaic articles in the process of making. I heard that the pay these poor operatives receive is simply a starvation price, being in many cases only (equivalent to) twenty cents a week. It was quite sad to see how very young some of the workers were. I happened to have a large bunch of flowers in my hand, which had just been given me by a friend, and as I walked down the aisle of the workshop I saw the girls' faces brighten up, and many hands held out, in eloquent petition for the flowers. I divided them up, as well as I could, and the recipients seemed so grateful; they evidently love flowers.

We passed along the street that is called 'Straight,' and went to the site of the house of Ananias, where there is now a Roman Catholic chapel, with a fine altar painting representing Ananias blessing *Saul*, as he then was. As we drove through the muddy and dirty streets, we were delayed for a little while

by a very large procession, which we found to be a company of pilgrims returning from Mecca. They were Russians, and nearly all wore high fur caps, and sheepskin mantles; their priests walking with them joined in chanting in weird tones, and in a minor strain, 'Allah la,' etc.

We saw the rope makers at work, in a primitive manner, in a street on the outskirts of the town; and quite close to the wall from which St. Paul was let down in a basket. The British Syrian Mission is doing a good work in Damascus, Baalbek, and Beyrout; altogether there are thirty-eight schools in Syria.

CHAPTER VIII.

GALILEE, TIBERIAS, CANA.

We left Daamascus at the unearthly hour of four in the morning, as the train passed along at that time. It was, of course, quite dark, and for some time the landscape was a blank, but gradually the sky became grey with the dawn, and as we sped along in the train we saw the sun rise behind the tall mountains, and the world was flooded with golden glory. The scenery was rather desolate and wild for some distance, and no living things were to be seen, except at intervals one or two solitary shepherds, who had likely spent the night in watching their flocks. We had luncheon about 11 o'clock, at a wayside Syrian village, called Dera'a, where the dishes served were not very appetising. As we neared Semakh, the hills became greener, and the vegetation more luxuriant, and hundreds of wild flowers, scarlet poppies, purple flags, yellow daisies, and anemones blossomed on the plains. We also saw huge cacti, and enormous palms, lifting up their tall tufted heads about thirty feet in the air, while their broad fan-shaped green leaves waved in the breeze. When we reached Semakh, a small mud village, we embarked in sail boats on the Lake of Galilee, and for a time went flying before the wind; but suddenly a squall with heavy rain came on, and our boatman quickly pulled down the sails, and took to the oars. They had hard work, as the lake was very rough, and it took them over two hours to row us to Tiberias. We could not but be reminded of the Gospel story of the great storm on the lake, when the Disciples were sore afraid, and called on their Master, Who was with them in the boat, and He immediately rebuked the wind, and the waves, and there was a great calm. As we neared Tiberias, we saw on the shore a Jewish settlement, and synagogue, also some buildings, where there are sulphur baths, from a natural hot spring. There are some ruins in a fairly good state of preservation of the ancient walls of the city, with picturesque watch towers. Tiberias was built in the year 17 A.D. by Herod Antipas, Governor of Galilee, and called after the Roman Emperor Tiberius. It is now only a small town, but can boast a primitive looking hotel, a medical mission with adjoining hospital, and a fine old monastery, where we were quartered, as the hotel was filled with other travellers. We got a most comfort-

able room, with whitewashed walls, arched ceiling, stone floor, and iron bedsteads, everything spotlessly clean. From our windows we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. It is a Franciscan monastery, and the Lay Brother, who is at the head of it, came from Montreal, and was specially polite to us, and we had long conversations in French about our old home, and other subjects of interest. After a very good dinner at 7 o'clock, we went out on the flat roof, and had a fine view of the lake and mountains by moonlight, which gave an added beauty to the scene. The evening was glorious, and familiar constellations glowed and sparkled in the deep blue sky. Across the water is a very steep hill, which is in the country of Gadara, and is said to be the place where the swine ran violently down, and perished in the waters.

Bethsaida and Capernaum are now in ruins, merely a few broken columns and stones show where the synagogue was at the latter place. How literally the words of the Saviour have been fulfilled regarding Capernaum; at that time exalted to heaven, and now, and for centuries past, it has been brought down to the depths of desolation.

We drove from Tiberias to Cana, a distance of about ten miles, over the worst roads imaginable. Fortunately, our horses were up to their work, but we made slow progress, driving over stones, and through mud about ten inches deep. The scenery is wild and hilly, and the "Mount of Beatitudes" was pointed out to us. What a picture came before our mental vision, as with our mind's eye we saw our Saviour standing on the slopes of the mountain, and the multitudes of people listening to the words of exhortation. Divine wisdom and benediction, that issued from the lips of Him Who spake as never man spake! Cana is beautifully situated, amidst encircling hills, and now consists of a straggling village of poor houses. We had to leave our carriage on the main road, and walk through the dirtiest and muddiest winding lanes I ever saw. We went into a Roman Catholic church, which is said to be built on the site of the house where there was the 'marriage,' and where Christ wrought His first miracle. Did it not seem strange that, during our brief visit, a wedding was being celebrated in an open courtyard, or rather the beginning of the marriage festivities? There was a wild kind of a dance going on, and drums were being beaten, and pistols fired off in the air, and there was a great excitement generally. There is a fine stone well just near the entrance to the village, and we saw many women, with earthen jars, coming to draw water.

CHAPTER IX

NAZARETH AND JAFFA

The road between Cana and Nazareth is a succession of ups and downs of hills, and valleys. We entered Nazareth in the early evening, when the moonlight touched everything with its silvery rays, and seemed to transform and beautify every object. The next morning we started out early for a walk, and visited first the Church of the Annunciation, said to be built on the site of the home of the Blessed Virgin, where she received the wonderful message from the Angel Gabriel. Corners of the old house are railed about, and we saw some of the stones. We then walked over to the ruins of Joseph's workshop, said to be genuine. One cannot be quite sure, of course, that the very spot pointed out is the real one, but amidst all the changes and desolation of the centuries, the distinguishing characteristics yet remain. One great memory lingers, and every spot seems hallowed ground.

There is at least one place in Nazareth where we may be sure our dear Lord often went, and that is to Mary's Fountain just on the edge of the town, which has been for ages the place from which the people of Nazareth drew their water, and where the Holy Virgin must often have gone, no doubt accompanied by her Divine Son. The everlasting hills change not, nor the starry heavens, on which His holy eyes must often have rested. All this part of the country seems to me to be indeed Emmanuel's Land, and one's heart is thrilled with the sacred memories associated with the different spots. We had bright sunshine for our visit to Nazareth, with its many monasteries; and left there in beautiful weather for our 25 mile drive to Haifa. The site of "the city called Nain" was pointed out to us, and the sites of Endor and Jezreel, and in the distance the valley of the Jordan, and the mountains of Moab and Gilboa. How these places recalled scenes in Old Testament history and seemed to make everything so real! We passed over the Plain of Esdraelon, and by Harosheth, where, under a spreading tree, Jeel, the wife of Heber the Kenite, slew Sisera. In the near distance we saw Mount Carmel, where Elijah offered the sacrifice, and was answered by *his* God, while the priests of Baal slashed themselves with knives, and called upon *their* god, who

answered not. There is now a monastery on the very top of Carmel.

The drive was most interesting, as we passed through many Mohammedan villages with mud huts, and as it was about the hour of sunset, in some places we saw groups of the people gathered on a circular platform, surrounding a huge tree, and prostrate themselves in prayer to their Prophet. At one special village, where the houses were much better, we saw some women and girls, quite neatly and gayly dressed, with scarlet kum, yellow draperies, and white or blue aprons, go down to a circular stone well, carrying the heavy earthen jats on their heads, to fetch water. Some of the girls were very handsome, tall and graceful, with white teeth, and sparkling eyes. They smiled at us, and we returned the greeting. The scene reminded me of the story of Rebekah going to draw water at the well. We saw some Arab camps, most wretched, as a rule, and the Arabs look very wild, scouring over the country on horseback, and armed with their guns and knives. Our road, for quite a distance, was very bad, and we bumped over rocks, forded streams, and waded through mud; but as we neared Haifa things improved. There were plantations of bamboo, mulberry orchards, huge olive trees, enormous date palms, flowers of the field in abundance; lofty mountains on one side, and on the other, in the near distance, the blue waters of the Mediterranean. We reached Haifa, on the Bay of Acre, early in the evening. While the old part of the town is like all the other cities in the East, marked by dirt and squalor, the new part is quite fine, and well built. After a greatly needed night's rest in a comfortable hotel, we left Haifa, about six o'clock in the morning, in small surf boats, and once more boarded 'The Arabic,' after quite a long absence, and steamed off for Jaffa, which we reached in about four hours. Our good ship anchored a long way out, as the harbour is very rocky and dangerous; and we had to go ashore in small surf boats. I had been greatly dreading this experience, as I believe it is often fearfully rough, and sometimes there is great difficulty in landing; but we were greatly favoured in having a smooth sea. Jaffa is the oldest port in the world. Here, Hiram of Tyre brought the cedars of Lebanon to King Solomon for building the Temple. Joppa (the Scriptural name for Jaffa) is associated with Dorcas, and here was the home of Simon the Tanner, on the flat roof of which St. Peter had his wonderful vision. Dean Stanley considers that the house now pointed out, which we saw, is really the genuine one.

CHAPTER X.

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY.

We drove to the station, and took the train for Jerusalem, a distance of forty-five miles. What an anachronism! the idea of reaching the Holy City in a railway carriage! We should have entered it on donkeys or camels. The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem passes through a perfect garden for a long way. The Plain of Sharon is a verdant, fruitful valley, gently sloping hill rise from it, and in the background are high mountains. We passed Lydda, Ramleh, which is the Arimathea of the New Testament; Zorah, the birthplace of Samson, and on the top of a hill near Deir Alan we saw a tomb, surmounted by a dome, said to be that of Manoah, Samson's father. Near here were five cities of the Philistines, and we were shown the place where Samson tied the burning brands to the foxes' tails. We reached Jerusalem late in the afternoon, and drove to our hotel, which was very comfortable compared with some of the places at which we had put up. After dinner, in the evening, we went out on the flat roof, and saw the Holy City flooded with moonlight. Our feelings and emotions can better be imagined than described, as we looked out on the slopes of Olive and the neighbouring landscape. The scene was one of magic beauty, and we stood in silence, thinking thoughts too deep for utterance.

We had said 'Good-bye,' reluctantly, at Haifa to our intelligent little guide, after giving him not only a most eulogistic certificate, but also a substantial token of our appreciation of his services; and at Jerusalem we got another Dragoman, Selah by name, a complete contrast to Josef Kaled: being nearly a foot taller, and not nearly so refined in appearance or manners. The morning after our arrival in the Holy City we started out 'sight seeing,' under his guidance. We first visited the site of the Temple of Solomon, where there now stands the Moslem shrine, called Mosque of Omar, or, as it is sometimes more correctly named, 'The Dome of the Rock.' It stands on the summit of Mount Moriah. The peak of this mountain, which we saw, rugged and bare, and over which the Dome is built, is enclosed by a fancy wooden railing. Quite a large portion of the mountain top,—I should think about thirty or forty feet square, is exposed to view. Here was the great Altar of Burnt

offering, and it was here that Abraham prepared to sacrifice his only son, Melchisedeck, King of Salem, and Priest of the Most High God, and also David, offered sacrifices here. The building is very beautiful, richly decorated with gold, and mosaic, and the stained glass windows are magnificent, being of glass mosaic, of very early date. The marble columns are said to be those of the original Temple; they were dug out from a great pile of rubbish.

What wonderful memories of the Old Testament story crowded and rushed through our minds on being shown the spot where once was the Holy Place, and the Holy of Holies! Somewhere on this site, and in the Temple then standing, the Holy Child was presented by His Mother, and the aged Simeon, and Anna the prophetess, praised and gave thanks unto God for the coming of the world's Redeemer, "the Light" that was "to lighten the Gentiles." Our Lord, on many occasions, went into the Temple to worship and to teach. Outside the building of the Dome of the Rock, in a large open court, is a small pillared portico, enclosing what is said to be the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, which, as we know, was the original site of the Temple.

Underneath a portion of the Temple enclosure, which covers a large area (and to which we descended by many steps), are the so-called Stables of Solomon, who had, we are told, 40,000 stalls for horses. They are of enormous extent, and the pillared and vaulted porticos are very imposing in appearance.

From an elevated lookout we got a fine view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where all devout Jews hope to be buried. It has graves, and memorial stones, without number. We saw the Tombs of Zechariah, and St. James the Less, the first Bishop of Jerusalem, also the Pillar of Absalom. Down far below us was the bed of the Brook Kedron. Continuing our walk, we saw what is called the Golden Gate. If it be so, it was near here, in the original wall, that the gate was, through which Jesus entered Jerusalem, on that first Palm Sunday. It is now walled up, but tradition says, when He comes again, it will be through this gate that He will make a triumphal entry, more real and lasting. By this gate, with its fine arches and carvings, once called the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, Peter and John healed the lame man.

Another most interesting place we visited was the Pool of Bethesda (near the Church of St. Anne), where, descending a long flight of steps, the waters became visible: the stream is about six feet wide. We also passed through St. Stephen's

Gate, outside of which the proto-martyr was stoned. We walked along the Via Dolorosa, a narrow street, roughly paved, and went into a convent of the 'Sisters of Zion,' where there is a fine chapel built over the site of Pilate's Judgment Hall. Descending many steps, we were shown the rough stones of the original flooring, and the remains of some lofty arches. Along the Via Dolorosa many interesting spots were pointed out to us; one being where the cross was taken from the shoulders of our fainting Saviour, and given to Simon the Cyrenian to carry.

One of the spots that seemed specially sacred to us was the Mount of Olives, where so many of our Lord's earthly hours were spent. The Carmel chapel of the Pater Noster marks the spot where, according to tradition, our Lord taught His Disciples to pray. On the walls of the Cloisters the words of our Lord's Prayer are engraved in 32 different languages.

Standing on the Mountain, we had a magnificent view of the mountains of Moab and Gilead, the Valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, which although about 18 miles distant, looked quite near, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. The spot was pointed out to us where Christ stood when He beheld the city, and 'wept over it.' We had not the slightest doubt as to this being the exact place, as it is close to the road leading from Bethany to Jerusalem, and nowhere else on the Mount of Olives can such a magnificent view of the Holy City be obtained.

Leaving the green slopes of Olivet, we went down to the town, passing through the old part, which was dirty beyond description, and reached the Jews' wailing place. On the eastern side of this court is one of the original walls of the Temple, with Hebrew words in thick black ink or paint upon it. We were fortunately there on Friday, as on that afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock a Jewish congregation assembles here, and then goes on to the synagogues. It is strange to stand there, and watch the wailing men and women, their bodies swaying backwards and forwards, their lips moving, and their voices uttering deep lamentations. Some of the men were old, and dressed in greasy gaberdines, and looked wretched. Others were well dressed, and there were scores of Rabbis, attired in heavy plush gowns of blue or orange, wearing black velvet turbans, bordered with rich dark fur. They held the Hebrew Psalter, and some other sacred books, in their hands, as they pressed to the wall and lifted up their voices in wailing and lamentation for the departed glory of their Temple and their nation. The Rabbis wore their hair rather long, and on each side of the face a single curl drooped over their ears.

CHAPTER XI.

1. BETHLEHEM, GETHSEMANE, AND CALVARY.

One afternoon we drove out to Bethlehem, passing the valley of Hinnom, and the Pool of Gihon, where Solomon was anointed King. Saw the Hill of Evil Council, and the valley of Rephaim, where David defeated the Philistines; also the Well of the Magi, where, according to tradition, as the Wise Men leaned over to drink, the Star appeared, and was reflected in the water, and led them to Bethlehem. We passed the Tomb of Rachel, which brought to our minds the pathetic story of her death. As we approached Bethlehem, the view was very picturesque. It did not require a very vivid imagination to picture many of the scenes in Bible story which took place here. How clearly one could see Ruth gleaning in the harvest field (the spot was pointed out to us), and Boaz coming among the reapers. What a scene of pastoral life and love in these fields, thick with corn and wheat! David was here anointed King of Israel; he spent his youth in these parts tending sheep, and here he wrote his earliest psalms, the sweet singer of Israel the Poet King. But transcending all other associations, are those connected with the marvellous event which here took place, the birth of the world's Redeemer, who is Christ the Lord. Down in the valley, enclosed by stone walls, is a green patch called 'The Shepherd's Field,' where the shepherds were tending their flocks on that first great Christmas Eve, when the Angel of the Lord appeared to them with the tidings of great joy. To think of that wonderful scene, when there suddenly appeared in the throbbing and radiant skies a multitude of the Heavenly Host, praising God, and making the air ring with their glorious burst of music, proclaiming "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

We visited the Church of the Nativity, which is one of the oldest churches in the world, having been built by the Emperor Constantine, A.D. 330. Baldwin was here crowned King of Jerusalem.

The Grotto of the Nativity is a cave in the rock over which the church is built; it is 20 feet below the floor of the choir. One descends by steps. A silver star in the stone floor marks the spot where, according to tradition, our Saviour was born.

In a recess near by, called the Chapel of the Manger, it is said the wooden manger was found, and taken to the Church of St. Maria Maggiore in Rome.

I have seen that
the manger was found.

'O Father, be still, the children are stining,
Lamb's blood, with the blood of the still,
And the blood of the children are stining,
Mother, and mother, and Saviour of all.'

Close by is shown the place where the oxen were; and also the spot where the Wise Men worshipped, and offered gifts. Near the Grotto of the Nativity are many chapels, and one of the most interesting is that of 'The Innocents,' under the altar of which are said to be buried thousands of the victims of Herod's cruel massacre.

We visited God's garden, in a walled garden of flowers, fragrant and beautiful. There are majestic and ancient olive trees, some of which are said to be over 2000 years old. They must have been sentinels and silent witnesses of what took place in this garden. If they could but speak! The quietness and stillness of the place impresses one deeply, and the whole surroundings and environment left no doubt in my mind that here our Blessed Saviour suffered His deepest anguish, with the terrible sense of desolation. The great Burden Bearer here felt the crushing weight of our sins, and His human nature shrank from the bitterness of the cup, but His Divine nature led Him to say, 'Father, Thy will be done.' I felt it was sacrilege to speak in such a place. A little way outside the Garden, the spot was pointed out where Judas betrayed the Master; and again, a small rocky mound covered with grass, where the Disciples, worn out with sorrow and watching, fell asleep.

We drove along, and stopped as close as we could to 'Gordon's Calvary,' so called because that noble Christian soldier firmly believed it was the actual spot of the Crucifixion. The Hill is outside the city walls, and has a skull like appearance, with the eye-sockets specially noticeable. The Talmud states that crucifixions took place there. It was on the ancient Damascus road, and so, easily accessible to the crowds which passed by; and has been known from time immemorial as the 'place of stoning'; and the Jews still continue the ancient custom of spitting towards this hill, which goes to show its identity with the place of our Lord's crucifixion.

We were not allowed to climb to the top, as the Mohammedans, with their greed for getting possession of all places sacred in the eyes of Christians, acquired the place some years ago, and will allow no Christian to have access to it. The evidence that this is really the spot seems to be quite conclusive.

Just below it is a garden, well cared for, which we entered, and where we walked; a quiet and sheltered spot, and here in the face of the rock is a door. On entering we saw a tomb, which we feel convinced was that of Joseph of Arimathea, and the Sepulchre of the world's Redeemer. Wonderful to feel that we were really looking at our dear Lord's resting place, and to picture the scene on that first Easter morning, when Christ burst the barriers of the tomb, and rose triumphant over death and the grave.

Standing there, one vividly recalled that scene in the garden, when Mary, supposing Him to be the gardener, begged to be told where he had laid Christ, if he had taken Him away. Then the look of Divine love, with the well-known voice saying 'Mary,' was all convincing, and she fell at His feet, crying in adoration, 'Rabboni!' Looking up from this garden, and quite close at hand, we had a fine view of Calvary. The belief that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covers the site of Calvary, and of the Tomb, has for many years (in fact, since the 18th century) been losing ground. There seems to be really nothing to verify that belief; the place is far within the city walls, and the remains of the old wall have been found outside of it. It is not on a hill, but in a kind of valley. Of course, as a church it is most interesting, having been built by the Emperor Constantine, and after being destroyed many times by violence or fire, was rebuilt in 1810. It is really a series of connected shrines, where Latins, Greeks, Syrians, and Armenians have their chapels for worship. Near the entrance door, on the floor, raised about, is a flat slab of stone, which is called 'the stone of unction.' Many places were pointed out to us in connection with the Saviour's sufferings and death; where He was scourged, where the crown of thorns was placed upon His sacred Head, and where He was crucified.

Immediately beneath the Dome, in the centre of the Rotunda, is the so-called 'Holy Sepulchre.' A very low doorway leads down to it, the chamber is only about six feet square, and contains a marble tomb. I may here say that the precincts did not appeal to us as the scene of the world's greatest tragedy. We feel entirely convinced that the other place we visited, called 'Gordon's Calvary,' is indeed the sacred spot.

CHAPTER XII

JERICHO, THE DEAD SEA, AND THE JORDAN

On the bright morning of 7 o'clock, we started off in our motor car to leave Jericho. The country is very interesting, and numerous customs still prevail in towns or farms along the way, but we met many nomads; some Arabs, some Syrians, all apparently in poverty, garbed in rags, riding on donkeys, or on mules, and leading trains of camels. This sight is still a dangerous one to travel in a part of the country, and unless one is the leader, and without any escort would be most unsafe. However, there was such a large party of us, and our Druggan was sufficient in himself to insure none of the leaders of almost any one, no matter how far from his home was Salah, and he was dressed in a Syrian costume of a light blue of the waist, a faded turban and turban cloth on his head. He was six feet four in height, and was armed with a rifle, and when we were stopped by the constant cry of "Allah Akbar!" his cheering assistant, and his loud voice, were quite sufficient to keep our pursuers away. There he was, a gentleman, a lady, a man, a woman, and he spoke English fairly well. He was from the town of Samarra, and a little before we reached the town he was shown us where the man fell during the war. He said he was responsible for the leading of the expedition to Samarra, and the death of certain persons who were taken in the war, and he was long in prison and then he was released. He said that Samarra was a terrible place, and he was sure that the British had been killed in the war, and he was sure that the British had been killed in the war. We passed the ruins of ancient Jericho, and the ruins of the temple of the goddess, and the ruins of the temple of the goddess. There are the ruins of some of the most famous of the world, the ruins of Jericho, who sheltered the sons of Ishmael and Ishmael. The ruins of Jericho is still in existence, and it is quite a sight to see the ruins of Jericho, and the ruins of Jericho. Not very far off is the town of Jericho, which is indeed an interesting sight to see. Across the water are the mountains of Mount Ebal, and Disraeli, and again, the ruins of Jericho, which is indeed an interesting sight to see.

The scenery is varied; semi-tropical vegetation, desolate and barren plains, and lofty mountains. We saw some Nubians and Abyssinians, and women with their black glistening faces tattooed. After the destruction of ancient Jericho, Herod rebuilt the city on the site where the modern Jericho stands. Here our Lord stayed at the house of Zaccheus, and healed two blind men. Here the Israelites celebrated their first Passover in the Promised Land. Here Saul was crowned King (ancient Gilgal occupied the site of the present Jericho), here David was welcomed when he came back from exile, after Absalom's death, by the tribe of Judah, and conducted by them over Jordan. Driving along towards the Dead Sea, we crossed vast plains of sand, no vegetation but scrub and thorns and briars, a perfectly arid waste, the Wilderness of Judea, where John the Baptist preached. The heat as we approached the Dead Sea was overpowering, and not a breath of air could be felt. Finally our carriages drove up to the shores of this Sea, which we are told at this point covers Gomorrah, while Sodom is at the other end. I put my fingers in the waters of the Dead Sea, and afterwards to my lips. The taste seemed to me, not so much salty, as acrid and bitter, and as my fingers dried, they were for the time quite shrivelled up. We walked along the shores, under a blazing sun, such as we might have in August, although it was February. The waters are bright blue, and this is said to be the lowest level in the world, 1300 feet below the Mediterranean. The scene was one of utter desolation. The mountains of Zoar, and Moab, and Edom seemed quite near. From here we drove to the Fords of the Jordan, where, after forty years of wandering, the Israelites passed over into Canaan, on dry land. Jacob, Gideon, Abner, David, Absalom, and many others of Scripture note, crossed this River, and here it was that Elijah smote the waters with his mantle, and he and Elisha went over on dry ground, and he was taken up into heaven in a chariot of fire. In these waters, Naaman was cured of his leprosy. The spot is quiet, with willows bending their branches downwards, and there were boatmen in small row boats on the river. This place is sacred as the scene of our Lord's baptism, by John, when the 'heavens were opened.' We passed through the Valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned; and then back to Jericho, where we put up for the night, at a plain but fairly comfortable hotel. We had a glorious view of the surrounding country by moonlight. Left Jericho at seven in the morning, on our return to Jerusalem; shortly before reaching there we came to Bethany. We left our carriages and

walked to what they say is the Tomb of Lazarus, in a vault, reached by descending twenty-five steps. The house of Mary, and Martha, was also pointed out; all in ruins but the foundations. What memories cluster about that Home in Bethany! We also saw the ruins, quite near by, of a fine-looking 'ouse, said to be that of Simon the Leper; where Mary anointed the Saviour's feet. We were glad to get back to Jerusalem after our fatiguing journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

HEBRON, AND FAREWELL TO JERUSALEM.

We left early the next morning in carriages for Hebron, 22 miles distant. About an hour after leaving the Holy City we came to the Pools of Solomon. They consist of three enormous cisterns, enclosed by walls of masonry: there is a very picturesque and ancient looking tower at the entrance. We passed a place called Ain ed Dirweh, a fountain or pool by the wayside, where tradition says Philip baptized the Eunuch. At length we came to Hebron, one of the oldest cities in the world, at one time known as Kirjath Arba. In the time of Abraham it was called Mamre. We saw the field where he was living in his tent when the Angels appeared to him. There is still a very old oak tree standing, over 1000 years old, they say, which is supposed to be almost on the exact spot on which the original 'Oak of Mamre' stood. Hebron is quite a dangerous place to venture into, as the natives are very fierce, and hate all Christians and foreigners, and would not hesitate to do them harm were they not protected by a sufficient escort. Here Abraham purchased the Cave of Machpelah from the sons of Heth, and here he is buried, with Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. We saw what can be seen of the cave, which is not much, as the Mohammedans have built a mosque over it, and will not admit any visitors. From Hebron, Joseph went forth to seek his brethren at Shechem, and to this place he returned in state, with the servants of Pharaoh, years later, carrying from Egypt the embalmed body of Jacob, to be buried in the cave. Here David lived for seven years, and Absalom was born. The Pool of Hebron was pointed out to us, where David ordered his young men to slay the murderers of Ishbosheth, and hang them over the Pool of Hebron. To Hebron came the spies sent out by Moses to spy out the Land of Canaan, and brought back the huge branch with clusters of grapes from Eschol.

The surroundings of Hebron are picturesque, fertile valleys and hillsides terraced and cultivated. Abraham's eyes must often have looked on this same picture. We returned from Hebron to Jerusalem, and spent a Sunday there, and greatly enjoyed going to the Anglican churches. In the morning at-

tended Christ Church, connected with the London Jewish Mission. It is a fine building, and we had a good sermon from the rector (Rev. Canon Browne). We were greatly impressed with the appropriateness of the Psalms of the day, especially the 122nd and the 125th. What a thrill came over us when we said the words, 'Our feet *do* stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem'!

In the afternoon we attended Evensong in St. George's Church, which forms part of the magnificent pile of buildings erected by Bishop Blythe, round a large quadrangle. The Episcopal residence is included in these buildings, and also the schools for boys and girls. The Bishop of Jerusalem was away at the time on a visitation tour, but his daughters and the lady in charge took me over the girls' department. St. Mary's school. The class rooms and dormitories are bright and airy, and many of the girls are quite interesting. They, and the boys as well, attended the afternoon service, and seemed attentive and reverent. Miss Blythe told me that the English society is very limited, and includes only about forty people. The new part of the city, out by these schools, is very clean, and has some fine buildings, chiefly English institutions, like the Ophthalmic Hospital, the C.M.S. Buildings, London Jews' Society Schools and Church, and the Rothschilds' Building. In the old parts of the city the sights and odours are most unpleasant. The beggars, with their persistent cry of 'Back-sheesh,' are everywhere; even on the steps, and at the entrances of churches, poor unfortunate lepers held out their diseased limbs in pitiful appeal. The morning of our departure from the Holy City we made a final sightseeing tour. We 'walked about Zion,' passed through David's Gate; went to the Armenian Church of St. James, which is on the site of Herod's Palace, where that first Bishop of Jerusalem was beheaded, and also St. John the Baptist. We saw the gardens of Herod; went to the site of the house of Caiaphas, also to the site of the 'Upper Room,' where Christ instituted the Holy Supper. Over this, the Crusaders built a chapel, but the Mahommedans have now taken possession. In a small building, quite close to the site of the 'Upper Chamber,' are the tombs of David and Solomon. They are about 8 feet high, 14 feet long, covered by a sloping roof, which is draped with crimson and green silk.

We left Jerusalem on Monday afternoon, February 28th, for Jaffa, where we put up at a very nice hotel for the night. The bedrooms are all named after Bible characters; our room, No. 1, was Reuben, the next Judah, and so on, the sons of Jacob, in succession. In each room was the message, painted

on a wooden panel, that Jacob gave to each of his sons on his deathbed. Other rooms were called after the Prophets and different Bible characters. We went down to the Quay at Jaffa early in the morning, and took surf boats to go to our ship, anchored about a mile out. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, but the current is very strong, and the men had hard work rowing. We felt quite at home when we got on board the 'Arabic' again, and we sailed for Alexandria at one o'clock, arriving the next morning about eight, and landed in small boats.

CHAPTER XIV

EGYPT

ALEXANDRIA, CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS

It was indeed difficult for us to realize that we were in Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, the land of the lotus blossoms, the land of Antiquity, and Mystery! A veil of enchantment seemed to wrap the country in its magic folds. So many associations, both Scriptural and classical, hover over it, and make it enchanting. Alexandria is a fine looking city, with imposing buildings; it was the home of Apollon, and Barnabas, and St. Mark. It is a fashionable summer resort of the Egyptians, being by the seashore. Classic story tells of the visits of Marc Antony to this place, where Cleopatra ruled and reigned. After looking about a little, we took the train for Cairo. The country is flat, and is like a garden, **very green and fertile**. It is watered artificially, and we saw at frequent intervals irrigating wheels (usually under a clump of trees) worked by oxen, walking in a circle, and drawing the wheels by ropes attached to poles. The whole aspect of the country is more prosperous than that of Palestine. On some of the farms camels and oxen were yoked together, and drew the ploughs. We passed several mud villages, the huts having dome-like roofs. For some distance, quite a large canal ran parallel with the railway, and on it were many curious looking sail boats, the typical Egyptian boats, called Ghiassas, with immensely tall masts. One sees many such on the Nile. Crossed the Nile on a fine bridge near Benha, which is a distinctly Oriental looking town; many of the facades of the houses are painted in colours, with Egyptian subjects.

On arrival at Cairo, we drove at once to the Continental Hotel, where we had most sumptuous quarters. This comfortable hostelry is directly opposite the beautiful Esbekyeh gardens. We were greatly delighted, on arriving at our hotel, to be greeted by my sister (Mrs. Lewis), whom we had not seen for months, and who came down from Luxor (where she is spending the winter) specially to see us, and stay a few days. After luncheon, the day of arrival, she took me for a delightful drive along the banks of the Nile, and out to the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, a magnificent place, in beautiful and extensive

grounds. We had tea on the Terrace, and saw many nice looking people, engaged as we were, and having handsome carriages or motors awaiting them; it is quite the fashion to go there for afternoon tea. We drove by the Khedivial Club, and the Gardens, where were wonderful blooms, pomegranates, oleanders, salvias, poinsettias, roses, besides trees bearing tropical fruits. Cairo is simply fascinating; the new part of the city is very handsome, reminding one rather of Paris, with its wide streets and attractive shops, and there is a wonderful glamour and air of enchantment about it. The old Cairo is dirty, but most interesting. While there are many shabby buildings, there are the remains of some very handsome houses, with fine carvings on the exterior; and latticed screens for the windows, where the ladies of the harem could see, without being seen. The ruins of the Coptic church are very interesting, also the Mosque of Ameer. Some of us took boats and rowed over to the Island of Roda, where once stood one of Pharaoh's palaces; and the spot is shown where Moses was found hidden in the bulrushes, by the King's daughter. The Nilometer is also here; it measures the rise and fall of the Nile. We drove over some fine bridges to the fashionable Boulevard, the Ghezireh Promenade. Passed along the banks of that mysterious river, the Nile, gleaming in the sunlight like liquid gold, and saw some handsome house-boats, and Dahabeeyahs, and also some beautiful carriages and horses, as well as motors, in many of which were veiled Egyptian ladies. Some of the residences along this Boulevard are very handsome, white stone, with elaborate porticoes, towers, and carvings. We drove up to the Citadel, built by Saladin in 1166. Of course, many additions and renovations have been made, but the entrance gate, which is very fine, is said to be the original one. There are English barracks here; I believe that there are no less than four British regiments stationed in Cairo, comprising the Army of Occupation. England has done everything for Egypt, but there is a great feeling of unrest and discontent among the natives, fostered to a great extent by the students of the University of El Azhar, which has been called a "hotbed of sedition." Many of the fanatics and bigoted Mahometans hate the Christians, and want to drive them out of the country and free themselves from British rule. The Khedive seems to be an enlightened man, and apparently friendly to England. I fancy he realizes what a disaster it would be for Egypt if the English influence were withdrawn. An uprising among the Mahommedans may occur any day.

There is a most magnificent view from the Citadel ramparts on the Mokattam Hills. Below lies the city with its lofty towers, its gardens and squares, its palaces, and the domes and minarets of many mosques. Further off, the Libyan Hills, and the Roman Aqueducts, built 2000 years ago; also the Pyramids of Ghizeh, and, in the far distance, the Pyramids of Sakkara. Just near by is the handsome Mosque of Mohammed Ali, founder of the present dynasty. The Khedive now in office is his grandson. The mosque is supposed to be the most gorgeous in the world. The interior walls and columns are of fine alabaster, and the frescoes and decorations are rich and beautiful. Five huge circles of electric lamps, pendant at intervals from the ceiling, light the building, just beneath the dome; the effect is dazzling. It is the most conspicuous object in Cairo, with its tall minarets and clustered domes. The marble courtyard and fountain are very fine. Just close by is the place where in 1811, by order of Mahomet Ali, the terrible massacre of the royal Mamelukes took place. Four hundred and seventy were trapped and shot down, only one—Emin Bey—escaping. He leaped his horse through a gap in the wall, alighted safely, and galloped away into the desert.

After leaving here, we visited the Tombs of the Mamelukes, which are very numerous and handsome; solid marble, elaborately decorated and standing from 8 to 10 feet high. Some of the most prominent women are buried here (the chief wife of Mahomet, for instance). The women's tombs are surmounted by crowns, and the men's by fez caps, carved in marble. We saw one or two of the Holy Carpets, elaborately embroidered on silk or satin.

While we were in Cairo a wonderfully interesting and gorgeous spectacle took place, and that was the return of the pilgrimage from Mecca, with the Holy Carpet. The Khedive was present, and many British officers; there were Sheikhs, Bedouins, and Arab riders, carrying flags and banners; and splendid camels, richly caparisoned, moved along with stately tread. The whole city seemed glowing with vivid colour, and the population appeared excited over the event of such importance in the Mohammedan world. The streets were filled with a motley crowd, vendors peddling their different wares, scribes with reed pens and ink-horn, Bedouins, Egyptian women in dark gowns, with their faces covered with the Yaskmak; a wedding party with dancing girls, a funeral procession, a sherbet seller, with brass jug and cups, drawing attention to his wares by clapping brass cymbals; a Pasha, driving in state;

Arab Lancers, Sheikhs on white donkeys, Nubians, and the smart uniforms of the British soldiers, made a dazzling and swiftly changing panorama. We saw the Khedive twice, driving in a handsome landau, with magnificent Arab horses, and an escort of mounted soldiers. He is quite a nice looking man of about forty, not very dark. He wore European clothes, and a scarlet fez cap.

CHAPTER XIV (Continued).

CAIRO. AND THE PYRAMIDS.

We left Cairo early one afternoon, and drove out to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, about ten miles distant. There is a very fine avenue, bordered with acacias, leading straight out; but the romance of the surroundings was quite spoilt, owing to the fact that an electric railway runs along this long straight road. We passed open plains, with streams of water (or rather, I believe, a backwater of the Nile), and saw herds and flocks, buffaloes, camels, and donkeys, corn-flats, and "shâdûfs," each worked by a solitary brown man, scantily clothed, who looked like an ancient Egyptian, and worked in a primitive manner, bending down and filling the bucket of goat skin (which is suspended by a cord from a weighted pole), with water, and emptying it into a trough, by this means raising the water above the level of the river. As one gets nearer the Pyramids one is impressed with their rugged grandeur and majesty, as they stand out in solemn dignity and gigantic grimness against the bright blue sky.

On reaching the Mena House, we tried to get camels for a ride into the desert; but they were very scarce that day, so I had to be satisfied with a gayly caparisoned donkey. The Bishop and my sister were more fortunate, however, and each succeeded in getting a "Ship of the Desert," and moved majestically along on their supercilious looking steeds. There is quite a long and steep sand hill to be climbed before one gains the rocky platform on which stands the great Pyramid of Cheops. Near it are the smaller pyramids of Chephren and Mycerinus. A little to the southward, in the midst of a sandy hollow, lies the Sphinx, looking eastward over the trackless desert. The face is inscrutable, and has been badly mutilated. This mysterious figure is certainly impressive beyond words, rising out of desert sands, grim and silent, holding the secrets of centuries. As one stands silently looking at this huge figure, a sense of wonder and awe steals over the mind, and one cannot but feel a weird and mysterious fascination.

The human mind has its limitations, and it is no easy task to realize the meaning of six or seven thousand years. We can

only in a faint degree at all realize the hoary age of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, when we recall the fact that Joseph, Jacob, and even Abraham must have seen these stupendous works of man. We tore ourselves from this enchanted spot, and left our 'mounts' at the Mena House, after which we had tea on the verandah, and took our carriage again for the homeward drive. We had a final view of the Pyramids, bathed in sunset glory, the saffron and rosy tints softening and subduing their stern aspect, and casting a golden and unearthly radiance over them.

The Mosque of Sultan Hassan is admitted to be the most beautiful in Cairo, and is perhaps the most beautiful in the world. It surpasses in design, proportion, and lofty grace that of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, and is in the best style of the Arabian School, but it is alas, fast going into ruin. In the great hall, where is the tomb of the Sultan Hassan, there are some very exquisite carvings, and high up near the vaulted roof there are intricate and exquisite Arabesque decorations in colour.

One day, in our rambles through Cairo, we went into the old and well-known 'Shepherd's Hotel,' which retains its popularity, and is quite up to date in every particular. In the centre of the building is an enormous rotunda, in rich Arabesque design. We sat for some time on the Terrace, the scene of so many interesting incidents, and watched the gay and ever-changing crowds passing along, like an animated and highly coloured panorama.

One morning which we greatly enjoyed was spent in the Boulak Museum, a very fine group of buildings, in extensive grounds. There are hundreds of interesting things which it would be impossible to describe. We saw the mummy of Seti I, the Pharaoh who commanded that all the infant Hebrew boys should be put to death. It was his daughter who found and adopted Moses. We also saw the mummy of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Oppression. We saw a model of one of the chariots, the front of it in beaten gold, like those overwhelmed in the Red Sea. One of the finest things in the principal hall is a large chamber (about 12 feet by 14), with wonderful paintings on the walls, the colours as vivid as if painted yesterday. In it is a life size figure of the sacred Cow, the symbol of the Goddess Hathor. There were magnificent bronze and marble figures of some of the gods of Egypt, and also of some of the kings. There were several representations of Chephrens, who built one of the Pyramids of Gizeh, and also of Thotmes. Of all the statues that we saw, I think those of Prince Ra-hotep, and Princess Nefer-t, are the most won-

derful: they are said to be the oldest portrait statues in the world, and indeed one's mind can hardly grasp the thought that these people lived 6000 years before the present time. The figures come from a tomb of the third dynasty: they are seated side by side, with the flesh tinted, and the colours are as fresh and bright as when first laid on. The eyes are wonderfully life-like. We were greatly interested in some groups (in wood or plaster), with small size figures of Egyptians pursuing various avocations,—at market, carrying baskets, rowing in barges, and funeral barques, making bricks, etc.: also regiments of soldiers carrying lances: all giving a splendid idea of the appearance, dress, professions, and trades of the people, and their manner of work and life in Egypt thousands of years ago.

We saw some mummies of animals, sacred rams, cats, owls, etc., and some fine and very ancient scarabs. In one of the halls were many glass cases, containing rich and elaborate gold jewelry, some of it studded with precious stones. There were crowns, rings, bracelets, and necklets in wonderful workmanship: it was sad to remember that some of the wearers were, thousands of years ago, attractive and perhaps beautiful women, and that the heads and hands, once encircled with these dazzling jewels, have lain low in the dust for ages and ages. These remain, testifying to the culture and luxury of Egypt scores of centuries ago. The Bazaars of Cairo, down in the Mousky, which we visited, are very extensive, and much cleaner than those of Damascus or Constantinople: they are not covered over, but are open to the sunlight, and include all kinds of shops and every variety of goods. We went to the Mosque El Azhar, which is a most imposing building, and immensely large. It is the great official University of Mohammedanism, and was founded in the year 975, so it goes back a very long time. There are said to be over 10,000 students from different countries; Algeria, Morocco, Nubia, and some from Mecca. In addition to the Khoran being taught, the course includes Arabic, Grammar, Literature, Law, and Philosophy. In the interior is the large Mosque Court, enclosed by an arcade decorated in Persian style. Here the students may be seen sitting cross-legged on the floor. As I have said, this is considered the very centre of dissatisfaction with British rule, and the seat of probable revolt.

We went out from Cairo to Heliopolis, the ancient city of 'On' (Genesis 41:45), also the 'Bethshemeth' mentioned in Jeremiah (43rd chap, v. 13). It is not quite on the site of the ancient City of the Sun, which was on the borders of the Land of Goshen, but just in the desert, very near it. Here Joseph

met and married Asenath, the daughter of the Priest or Prince of On. Possibly in their walks they often passed the Pyramids, or sat on the desert sands, gazing on the face of the Sphinx! What memories of Joseph, and Pharaoh, and the Children of Israel are associated with the Land of Egypt!

During the Sunday we spent in Cairo, we attended service at a very handsome stone church—All Saints'. There is a fine white marble reredos, representing the crucifixion, and there are some handsome stained glass windows. There are many memorial brasses, for British soldiers and officers, who have either died from illness, or been killed in action, in Africa. Among the most interesting is a tablet to the memory of that grand soldier, General Gordon, who fell at the siege of Khartoum. We left Cairo with many regrets, as it is one of the most varied and fascinating cities in the world. We took the train to Alexandria, and were followed all the way by a great Sirocco, which sprang up suddenly. The wind was fearfully high, and the atmosphere thick with sand from the desert. The sea was affected by the fierce storm, and it was so unusually rough, with the angry waves curling high, and breaking in great foam-crested billows, that we had to wait an hour or two in the train, after reaching Alexandria, before it was safe to embark in small boats to go out to the 'Arabic,' which was anchored nearly a mile from shore. Even when we got aboard our good ship, as the black flag was flying at the entrance to the harbour, showing that the sea was too boisterous for it to be safe for the ship to leave the shelter of the breakwater; we were obliged to wait for some time before we left the port.

CHAPTER XV.

SICILY AND ITALY (NAPLES AND POMPEII).

We finally got away from the harbour of Alexandria at six o'clock on Tuesday evening, and sailed for Sicily. All that night and the next day the sea was pretty rough, and I did not venture on deck; however, on Wednesday evening it cleared off beautifully, and from that time until we reached the coast of Sicily the weather left nothing to be desired. Our ship anchored off Palermo on Friday morning at nine o'clock. The harbour is beautiful, and almost encircled by lofty mountains, some of them crowned with snow. A soft mist hung over them, giving them an amethystine radiance when the sunlight penetrated the diaphanous veil. Our party went ashore in tenders and drove through the town in victorias. Palermo is a handsome city, clean and well built. The Via della Libertà, about 100 feet wide, is the avenue of magnificent private residences. The Piazza Castelnova is a beautiful square. We drove up a tremendous height to Monreale, where there is a magnificent old cathedral, gorgeously frescoed inside, and decorated with Byzantine mosaics, in gold and colours; there are some very fine tombs, with exquisite marble carvings. We visited the Monastery of Santa Maria Nuova, where the cloisters are very fine, having beautifully sculptured pillars, and opening on a brilliant flower garden. From our great height we had a wonderful view of the fertile and verdant valley, with its orange and lemon groves, and apricot trees laden with their pink and white blossoms, just beneath us; and in the distance the sea, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue."

When we got down to Palermo once more, we visited the Catacombs, a most gruesome place; and afterwards the large and beautiful cathedral. The interior is very dignified and chaste, being mostly white marble, with very little colouring except the chancel hangings and altar paintings; and is quite a contrast to that at Monreale. We then went over the Royal Palace, where the King of Italy sometimes comes for a visit. The interior is very handsome, and richly decorated. There were also other points of interest, which we visited before re-joining our ship once more.

We sailed from Palermo in the evening, and reached Naples the next morning at seven o'clock; the 'Arabic,' for the first time since we started, docked at the quay, and consequently when we went ashore we did not have to go in boats, but walked comfortably down a gangway, which I liked much better. The Bay of Naples looked as gloriously beautiful as ever, sparkling in the sunlight, with Capri in the near distance, and Vesuvius draped, in mist, standing in its threatening majesty, and with occasional whiffs of smoke ascending from its crater. We were told that there were signs of renewed activity, and of a possibly near eruption.

We took carriages, and drove to the Museum, so full of interest, containing wonderful mosaics, sometimes the whole side of a wall, sometimes a goodly portion of a floor, all found in the houses at Pompeii. The colouring is still very rich, and the subjects various and characteristic. We saw some marvellous bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompeii; those from the former place are dark, almost black, because Herculaneum was buried under floods of lava, while the bronzes found at Pompeii are quite a light green, as at the latter place there were only ashes and water. There was a beautiful half-recumbent figure of a woman, in purest white marble, said to represent Agrippina, the mother of Nero. I can only mention a very few of the fine pieces of sculpture we saw: figures of Jupiter, Hercules, Apollo, and Diana, in coloured marble; also a magnificent equestrian statue of one of the bronze horses of Nero; and that famous group, carved from a single block of marble, and known as the 'Farnese Bull,' representing the two sons of Antiope avenging their mother's wrongs by binding the cruel Dirces to the horns of a bull. It is considered one of the finest pieces of ancient statuary. After leaving the Museum we went to the Aquarium, where there are all sorts of curious fish, including an octopus, an awful object. There were also live corals, with moving pink and feathery stalks, and some most beautiful sea anemones, in pink, white, orange, and green. We drove past the 'Palazzo Reale,' where the King sometimes comes on a visit. It is an enormous pile of buildings, surrounded with fine gardens, and commands a magnificent view of the unrivalled Bay of Naples, Capri, Sorrento, and Vesuvius.

One glorious afternoon we drove out to Posilipo, and up to a tremendous height, past fine houses and beautiful gardens. In the golden days of Rome this was a favourite resort of the Patricians; the Emperor Augustus loved the place, and Lucullus had gardens on the hill of Posilipo. Virgil here composed

some of his finest poems, and his tomb is on an elevated spot near here. The view from the hill of Posilipo is surpassingly beautiful, taking in Naples, Baie, St. Elmo, Capri; and the villages nestling at the foot of Vesuvius in happy confidence, careless of, or indifferent to, the possibility that some day, in a moment of passion, the grim monster may pour out upon them the floods of destruction, and blot out their blooming vineyards and fertile slopes.

We enjoyed our Sunday in Naples so much, and attended service in the beautiful English Church (Christ Church, Piazza San Pasquale). One fine morning we went out to Pompeii—over an hour by train,—and passed through a pretty country. We saw the site of Herculaneum, where a new city, Resina, has been built. It is quite close to the sea. Arrived at Pompeii, we started off on our tramp through the silent and deserted streets. Having been here, and also at Naples and Rome less than two years ago, everything looked quite familiar; but our guide, who was a good one, showed us some new excavations, and some most interesting ruins. What is called the finest house in Pompeii is that of Vestius, a Patrician. The rooms are large, and elaborately decorated and frescoed, the colours being Pompeian red, black, and white, and the subjects mythological. It was wonderful, in these houses built over 2000 years ago, to find they had leaden pipes to carry the water, and terra cotta drains. The Stabian Baths are very fine, with carved and frescoed ceilings, and marble tanks for the bathers. The Gymnasium is adjacent. The ruins of the Amphitheatre are interesting, and also the Gladiator's Training School; many columns still remain. We saw the Forum, and the Temples of Apollo, Jupiter, Hercules, and others. I was greatly interested in the Temple of Isis, one of the first of the ruins to be discovered, 1748. This temple is mentioned in Bulwer Lytton's 'Last Days of Pompeii,' and Arbaces, the Priest of Isis. It would be quite impossible to enumerate all the interesting ruins we saw, including the 'House of the Tragic Poet,' and that of Cornelius Rufus, where the table, by the Impluvium, is in splendid preservation, with its pillars of white marble, finely carved to represent horses' heads. The Museum is also interesting, with its ghastly figures, and other silent witnesses to the terrible doom which overtook this once gay city and its citizens, in the midst of their home life, their business avocations, and their voluptuous pleasures. One leaves Pompeii with saddened feelings, and with a full realization of the saying, "So passes away the glory of the world."

CHAPTER XVI.

ITALY (continued), THE ETERNAL CITY.

How pleased we were to be once again 'en route' for the Eternal City, with its fascinating historical associations, and its relics of the past! As we sped along in the train and approached the city, we saw the wonderful aqueducts, which are in a good state of preservation; and we crossed the Campagna, having on one side the Sabine mountains, and on the other the Alban Hills. On our arrival in Rome, we went immediately to our hotel, where we found good rooms reserved for us, and after taking off some of the dust of travel, we had a long and delightful drive. Early the next morning, started off on a regular sight-seeing expedition. Visited St. Peter's, which impressed me almost more than ever with its grandeur and size. We went pretty thoroughly into some of the galleries of the Vatican, with their wonderful art treasures, impossible to enumerate. On a platform in the centre of one of the large halls was a magnificent piece of sculpture, with exquisitely carved chariot, and pair of perfect horses, in pure white marble, brought from the Temple of the Sun, in Egypt. The Sistine Chapel is, of course, always interesting.

In the afternoon, drove out to the Roman Forum, which was the centre of the political, religious, and social life of Rome. We saw the ruins of the Temple of Julius Caesar, and the altar stones (enclosed by a railing) on which his body was cremated after his assassination. I was greatly interested in the House of the Vestals, and saw their sleeping rooms, and the temple where they tended the sacred fire. Overlooking the Forum are the ruins of Caligula's Palace, Seneca's house, and the Capitol. Walking amongst the ruins of the Forum, with its magnificent columns, and classic precincts, we came to the Coliseum, that grandest of all grand antiquities. To me, although I have seen it many times, it is always fascinating, associated as it is with the golden days of the empire, and the tragedies of the Arena, when Christians were thrown to the lions, and massacred; and gladiators were butchered 'to make a Roman holiday.' We saw the dens, with iron gates, whence the wild beasts were let loose, and also the wooden doors of the caves in which Chris-

tians were confined before they were flung into the Arena. We also saw the Imperial Box, where sat the Emperor, watching the cruel exhibition, and when the critical moment arrived, held his thumb up, or down, to give the signal of life or death to the defeated combatant. The ruins of the Golden House of Nero, the Arches of Titus, and Constantine, and the "Meta Sudans," where the gladiators bathed after their fierce conflicts with wild beasts, all are most interesting. We visited the Baths of Caracalla, which are of immense extent, and seem to have included every possible kind of bath, with adjacent library, music room, and gymnasium. We drove along the Appian Way, and saw the Church of 'Domine Quo Vadis,' also the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, and St. Sebastian, and the tomb of Cecilia Metella, a huge round tower, like the keep of a castle. Another day, we drove out to the beautiful church of St. Paul without the Gates, the interior of which is very richly decorated with mosaics, paintings and medallions. Driving along the Ostian Way, we saw the Temple of Vesta, and the pyramid of Caius Cestius. On our way back to the hotel we saw the bridge defended by Horatius Cocles; a stirring description of this episode may be read in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

We spent a very delightful Sunday in Rome, where, in the morning, we attended the handsome American Church, with its fine choir, and reverent service, and in the afternoon went to the English Church of the Holy Trinity, in the Piazza San Silvestro.

Before leaving the City of the Seven Hills, we had a very enjoyable drive on the 'Pincian Hill,' and saw many people, and many things of great interest. Reluctantly, and after a charming visit, we said 'Farewell' to this fascinating city, and took the 'Train de Luxe' for Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARIS, LONDON, AND 'HOME.'

After leaving Rome, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we passed through a beautiful country, well cultivated and fertile, and reached Pisa at dusk. We only had about ten minutes at the station, and on this occasion did not visit the tower; we, however, had that pleasure a few years ago. Our sleeping compartment on the train was the smallest imaginable state-room, although we paid a pretty good price for it. The meals, served in the 'Buffet' car, were not specially tempting either, but fortunately the journey was not a very long one; we were only 27 hours getting to Paris.

The morning after we left Rome, on looking out of our window, very early, I found that we were at a great height, amidst snow-covered mountains, and with two or three feet of snow on the ground. It seemed quite homelike. The scenery was magnificent, with fine views of the Alpine heights, rushing torrents, and deep gorges. We passed through the Mont Cenis tunnel, which took half an hour, as it is so long; and a little later stopped for a few moments at Aix les Bains, where we stayed six years ago.

Reached Paris about six o'clock, and drove up to the 'Hotel Regina,' which we found most comfortable. We did not linger long in the French Capital, as we were anxious to reach London. We crossed the Channel via Dieppe and Newhaven, fortunately having a smooth voyage, and reached Victoria Station at seven in the evening, and immediately drove to the Hotel Cecil, where we had a nice suite of rooms.

The next morning (Maundy Thursday) our son arrived from Kent, where he had been spending a week with friends; it was a happy occasion, as we had not seen him since Christmas, when he came home for his vacation.

On Good Friday morning we all went to St. Margaret's, Westminster, and heard a sermon from Canon Henly Henson. We had the privilege of going to St. Paul's Cathedral on Easter Sunday morning, and of hearing the Bishop of London preach; there was an enormous congregation. In the afternoon we attended service in Westminster Abbey, where the music

was very fine. It was pleasant to be in London once more, and we remained for ten days, and were entertained by some charming people, and some friends whom we had met, when we were over two years ago for the Lambeth Conference.

Before leaving England we made a flying visit to Oxford, which we found even more interesting than ever. We liked 'Merton,' and its ancient library and chapel, very much, and had a delightful walk along the banks of the river, where we saw the College Barges, with their different colours, and distinctive shields.

We sailed from Liverpool on the 23rd of April, on our good ship 'The Arabic,' which we had not seen since we left her at Naples. After a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, we reached New York in due time, and went on to Montreal, where we stayed for two or three days (to see relatives and friends), and then came back to our dear home in Kingston, after our most enjoyable wanderings in many lands.

